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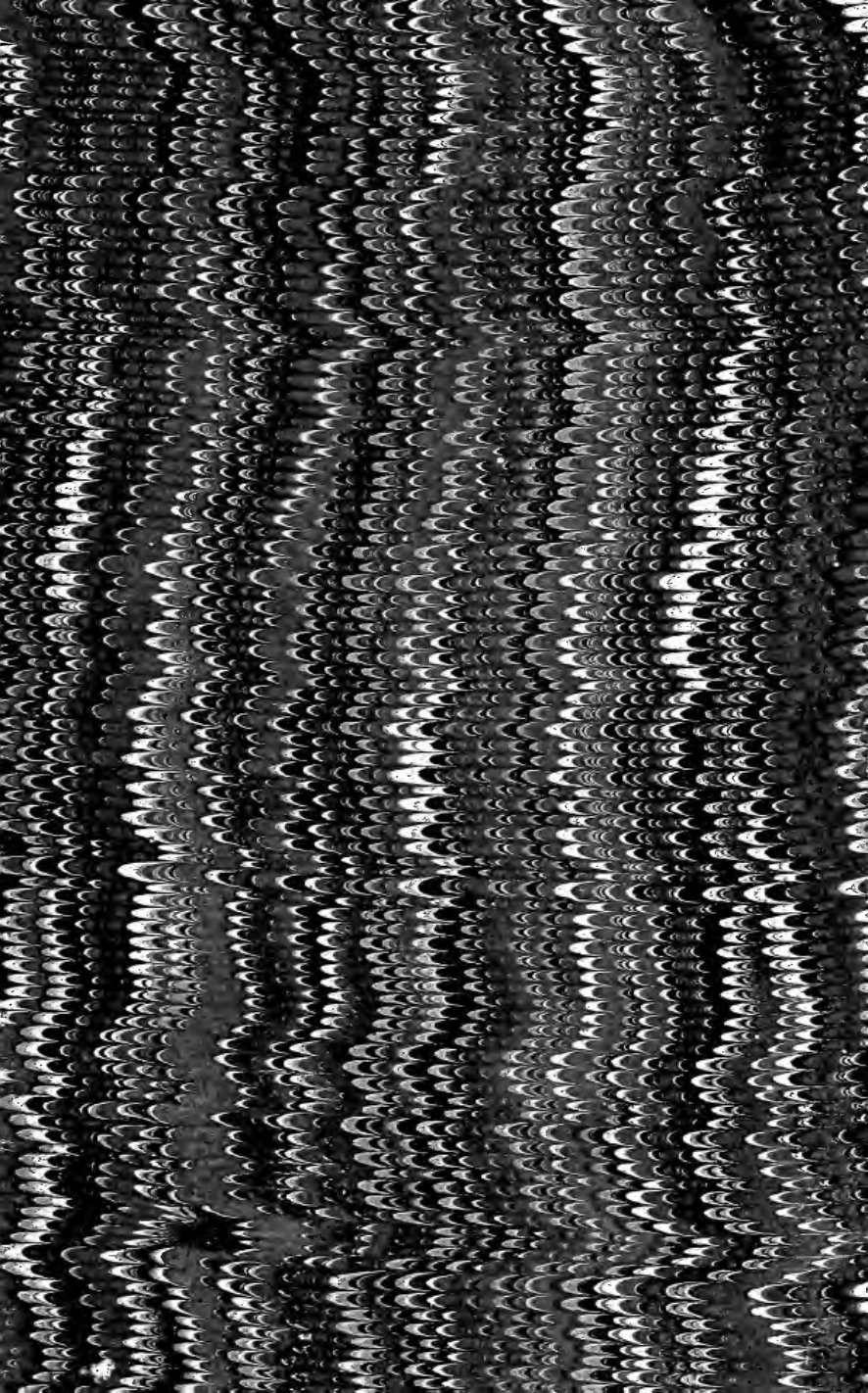
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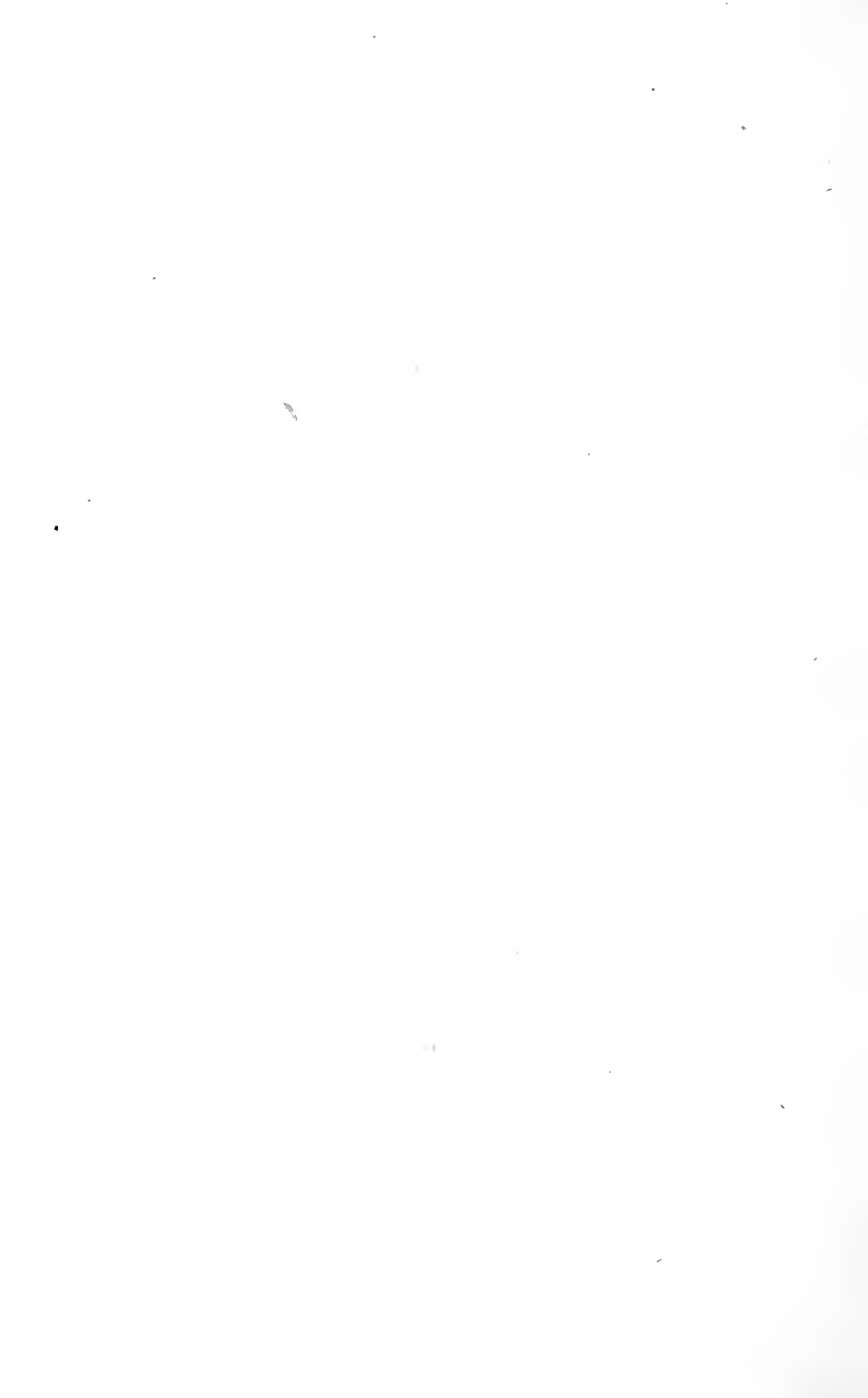
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES IN SALEM,

AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE

Birth-Day of Washington,

FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

BY

GEORGE W. BRIGGS,

MINISTER OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

SALEM:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE GAZETTE AND MERCURY.

1862.



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ADDRESS.

FELLOW CITIZENS :

I speak to you with the deepest self-distrust to day. The comparatively small, though honorable audience, on whose indulgence I thought I might rely in the Council Chamber of the City, has grown into this great assembly. The occasion which seemed, at first, only a quiet municipal recognition of a Sacred Anniversary, has put on national proportions, by the Proclamation of the President, recommending its universal celebration. With no proper preparation in former studies, with no time to make that preparation now, with as little expectation three days ago of standing here to lead your thoughts to the reflections appropriate to this day, as of being called to lead our national, our gallant and victorious armies, I despair of doing justice either to you or to the hour. Pardon the words which must be utterly inadequate, but which shall be heartfelt and true.

Fellow Citizens,—I profoundly sympathize with this gathering of the people around the tomb of Washington to-day, to listen to his last counsels to the country which he served with all a martyr's con-

stancy, and loved with more than a father's love ; to pay new honors to his memory, and to look up reverently to his example. I renew my faith in man by such meditations as the hour suggests. Amidst the astounding treachery of conspirators who sat in the Cabinet, or in Congress, with oaths of allegiance upon their lips, in order to plot, more securely, for the overthrow of the Government,—conspirators against law and liberty and the most sacred rights, in whose defence charity stammers or becomes altogether dumb,—amidst the madness of the multitudes whom these arch-conspirators have made their dupes, and whose delusion merits pity far more than condemnation ; it is inspiring to look back to those noble men whom no selfish ambition could seduce, and no danger appal, and who served freedom as disinterestedly, as loyally, as the true disciple serves his Lord. For Virginia's sake, once so honored, regarded with such lingering affection still, and whose return from her prodigal wanderings we should welcome with the music and dances of joy,—for Virginia's sake we will remember, that although in this later day, she has produced an incarnation of treachery and meanness almost without a parallel, she once produced an example of public virtue, literally without a peer. It is good in this day of struggle, in this second and decisive war for National existence and true liberty, to rally in imagination around the great leader of the first ; to recall the heroism which no evil omens could appal ; which

bore the discouragements of those long and disastrous Revolutionary winters with unfaltering heart, and turned the tide of early defeats into the flood of victory. The old heroism of the Revolutionary fathers flames in the breasts of their sons to-day. Though with far less trial of its steadfastness, it is gloriously proving its parentage. It has already achieved successes that presage its certain triumph. Our winter of discouragement is past. We have had our Trenton and Princeton at Roanoke Island and Port Royal, at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. There must be desperate battles still. There may be defeats to check our too exultant hopes. But our Yorktown only waits for that wisdom of preparation which organizes victory. When the hour which is hastening on strikes, the man will appear to guide the course of battle, and make the victory complete.

Of the particular events in the career of Washington I do not propose to speak. Neither time nor space could be allowed me to tell the story of his life. Its outline is familiar to you all. You know how unconsciously he was trained from his earliest manhood to physical endurance and strength, to familiarity with danger, to military knowledge and experience, amidst the perils of Indian warfare, and the campaigns between the English and the French, in which the power of France was exterminated from North America. Even in his youth he gained the coolness and skill of a veteran commander. In critical moments he displayed a higher

generalship than England's trusted Captains. If Braddock had given heed to his counsels he would have been saved from disastrous defeat. You know how after the Seven Years War between France and England, which trained him to be an accomplished soldier, he was for fifteen years a member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia; the companion of legislators and orators of enduring fame; of men whose learning and powers of eloquence far exceeded his own, but who recognized in him an integrity, a soundness of judgment, a maturity,—let me rather say, a majesty of wisdom,—to which they paid a willing homage. In that school he gained the civil education which trained him to be an accomplished Statesman also. After this two-fold education, both for war and for peace, which seems providential at every step, you remember that he went forth to triumph first upon the field; to organize the eager but undisciplined bands of patriots, who rushed to the defence of liberty, into an invincible and victorious army. You remember, too, that when the National Independence had been achieved, he hastened to surrender his triumphant sword into the hands of Congress, and thus proved himself even greater when he laid it down than when he wielded it to marshal his troops to victory. You remember that he went forth to triumph, next, upon the stage of civil affairs, and in the Cabinet; to unite the disconnected States into one compacted government,—one stable Union, and to administer its highest ex-

ecutive trust amidst perils of a different character, yet quite as great as those which he had encountered upon the field. He was as ready to hazard reputation, and the favor of the multitude, by determined resistance to popular clamor, as to risk life against his country's foes. And when the youthful nation had attained a manly strength, and the Republic of yesterday began to take an honored place among the states that dated back a thousand years, he retired from the civil sovereignty with the same transcendent dignity with which he had previously laid down the sword. You remember, that, thenceforth, he remained at his beloved Mount Vernon, abstaining from all direct participation in public affairs, with the exception of a brief period, in which there seemed to be an imminent danger of war with France, when he was made Lieutenant General of all the armies of the Republic, and began to organize the military power of the country, with the possible contingency of meeting Napoleon himself upon the field. Who can tell how greatly the course of history might have been changed,—the history both of America and of Europe, if Napoleon and Washington, “the man of destiny,” and “the man of Providence,” had been actually brought into the strife of arms? That cloud of war was happily dispelled, and Washington retired for the last time to Mount Vernon, and in the same year closed a noble life by a serene and Christian death.

The mere outward life is a story of stirring scenes,

and of great events, amid the tumults of revolution, and the birth of an empire. It is the story of a long continued and unbroken triumph. God trained the man for his providential work, and nobly did he execute it by noble deeds. Still the man himself was far greater than his works, though they are fraught with consequences which no prophecy can now foretell. The greatness of the sphere in which he acted did not give dignity to him. He made every sphere dignified and great. The word "warrior" has a better meaning because Washington has lived. He has given it a glory which it never gained from Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon. I do not know or care to ask, whether in military genius he fell below these world-renowned Captains. It is enough to say, that he had the peculiar genius,—both the energy to strike the boldest blows, and the prudence and judgment to form and execute movements of strategetical skill,—the peculiar genius, amidst great and almost unparalleled difficulties, to win the grandest success. Of no military hero can more than this be said. But when I remember what he was in himself,—the absolute disinterestedness, the perfect loyalty to human liberty and human rights with which he took up the sword for those weary years of war,—the glory of Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, becomes dim. War was consecrated in our great leader's person. When I see him on the field, fighting only in defence of right and liberty, in loyalty to man and God, the wild roar of battle is changed to music.

So, too, statesmanship in his person gains a nobler signification. His statesmanship was not merely a skilful adaptation of public measures to the circumstances of the moment; to transient exigencies,—that lowest form of political wisdom, which, too often, is the highest ideal of Cabinets and Kings,—but an attempt to lay the foundations of the State upon principles of eternal equity. In the administration of national affairs he had the same immutable integrity and single-heartedness as when upon the field. He guided the steps of the youthful Nation, as he guided his own, by the eternal stars. And I am sure that private life had a new grandeur when the successful warrior, and the successful statesman, dignified its daily routine by the display of the same high qualities which had ennobled public scenes. “Nullum quod tetigit, non ornavit,”—he touched nothing which he did not adorn,—was the splendid tribute paid to one of England’s poets. Nullum quod tetigit, non honoravit,—he touched nothing which he did not glorify,—is the yet higher tribute which justly belongs to Washington. Most imposing in person, in physical strength and beauty, he was equally remarkable for the strength and beauty of his character; and wherever he stood, there was the true majesty which commanded an instinctive reverence.

A peculiar difficulty attends every attempt to speak of the character of Washington. That difficulty grows out of his very greatness. It is easy

to draw the picture of a man distinguished for one pre-eminent and dazzling quality. The heroes of history generally stand as representatives of single noble traits. It seems sufficient glory for a man to make his name a synonyme for justice, or liberty,—for courage, or integrity, or truth,—for any single virtue on the glorious catalogue. But Washington was not so much pre-eminent for the display of any one, as for the possession of them all. Opposite qualities blended in him,—each seeming to find in all the rest its proper counterpart and complement. Though possessing strong passions, he had also the strength to conquer them; and having thus learned to rule his own spirit, he became “greater than he that taketh a city,” and enthroned himself as one of the true monarchs of the race. His was a true, though often unrecognized form of genius. It was not the genius of the poet, or the orator, or the philosopher. He could not chisel the statue, or paint the immortal picture upon the canvas. Critics may go through the catalogue of the grandest forms of intellectual activity and deny his greatness. Perhaps, even in his own particular sphere, they may call him second. But in the true genius of character,—a form of greatness as distinct, as worthy surely of homage as any other,—the genius of integrity of purpose, of a masterly ability in public affairs,—of an almost unerring judgment, and an entirely unerring conscience,—in the genius of pre-eminent virtue devoted to the grandest aims, and accom-

plishing the grandest works, he stands FIRST, and we may almost venture to say, there is no second, *no second yet*, on the annals of recorded time.

He has borne the severest test of greatness. The criticisms of generations have not diminished, but enhanced his fame. I study the eulogies poured out from reverential and loving hearts over his new-made grave, and I find not one claim made for him then which has not been allowed by the sober judgment of history. Posterity has made up its verdict with judicial calmness: and, if we may predict the future from the past, that verdict will be echoed with increasing fervor down through the ages. His claim to greatness is not only fully conceded, but he has become a standard by which the greatness of other men is to be tried. It is only the noblest men whose character and fame ascend higher in the firmament as time rolls on, and who take their place among the eternal stars. It is only the very noblest who are made at last by the world's growing reverence, moral judges of the race, and who silently sentence, or enthrone men, according to the degree of resemblance to themselves. The character of Washington has borne the test of history. Some of the greatest minds of Europe have paid their tribute to his name. It was a truly symbolic scene, when only sixteen months ago, the heir of England, with his retinue of nobles, stood with uncovered heads at the tomb of the patriot who deprived England of an Empire. Who was honored, indeed, by that pilgrimage of

prince and nobles to a patriot's sepulchre? Not Washington alone. They could not honor him. They ennobled themselves by that tribute to his greatness. Who wore the royal dignity at the grave of the Warrior and the Sage? The living Prince or the buried Hero? Who was monarch there? That was a picture of the world's reverence for moral majesty. True men cannot lose their power. Monarchs in name alone become dishonored clay when the fleeting breath has ceased. Monarchs in fact, who bear God's signet upon their brow, are crowned anew when shrouded in the sepulchre. Their hands change to ashes; but their sceptres are eternal.

Pardon me for dwelling so long upon thoughts like these. The theme expands as I vainly attempt to unfold it. It is often arrogantly asked,—what great contributions has America given to the world? Where are the men of genius who will be the lights of coming centuries? Sometimes we recount the names of those who have already honored themselves and their country by intellectual achievements; the names of historians, poets, philosophers, orators, jurists,—as our answer. The buds of our genius are fast bursting into bloom. But one life has already been given to the world which is mightier than princes and thrones. Who has inspired the patriots of these later years? Whence came their sacred fire? Our own Washington wakened their love of liberty, and presided over the gathering hosts of Kossuth, in his unsuccessful struggle, and of Garibaldi, scat-

tering the foes of liberty in Italy. Whose influence restrains despotism itself from trampling upon man's holiest rights? This same great name wields an invisible, but world-wide influence among civilized men, which imperial power must recognize and respect. If it is not ours to give the world its princes, it is ours to produce men whom princes are compelled to honor. If America has given nothing else to the world, she has given to it a model man. The Overruling Providence reserved this continent as a sphere in which humanity should find the free exercise of its noblest powers, and the word man receive a grander signification. Washington is a revelation, an example of that higher type of manhood. It is fit that we should honor his memory on the Anniversary of his birth. We will bear his virtue in perpetual remembrance. We will redeem his sepulchre,—our holy sepulchre,—from possible profanation. The women of the land brought their contributions to rescue it from the hands of a degenerate descendant. The men of the land shall defend it from the traitor's foot. Yes, soon the princes of England and princes of other lands, awakened by the courage of our armies to a new appreciation of American institutions and American rights, shall come to his tomb in reverence, till the pilgrims from many climes shall direct thither their eager feet, or their wistful eyes.

But, fellow citizens, while a character like that of Washington deserves commemoration at all times, it

is peculiarly appropriate that we should remember his life to-day, when the national existence which he helped us to achieve is in peril. I am indebted to a friend for the suggestion that this Union, in whose defence the sons of these loyal States are bravely rushing to the field, found its first embodiment in Washington himself. He not only acted a commanding part in the formation and establishment of the government, but the Union was incarnated in his very person. During the Revolutionary war, the separate States were simply Confederate States, and not one Constitutional, national government. Whatever the unity of feeling and of purpose among the citizens, there was no governmental unity. The Commander-in-chief of all the Revolutionary armies was the truest impersonation of our Union then. He was the centre of national power and hope. It is safe to say, that no other man than Washington could have held the sometimes factious and jarring elements in check ; kept men of selfish ambition at bay ; inspired the confidence and enthusiasm to bear the people on, against the appalling difficulties in the way to Independence ; and made, and kept them one, in discouragement and defeat, and in their final victory. When that struggle was over, and the weakness of the national organization became clear, because there was no longer a common danger, to weld the separate States together, it was Washington, —by his constant and tireless correspondence, by the transcendent influence of his services and his char-

acter,—who led the way to the election of a convention for the formation of a National Constitution. Of that convention he was the President. He seldom mingled in the debates, but he had prepared himself by the careful study of Ancient and Modern Confederacies to judge of its deliberations, and he directed all his influence towards the establishment of an efficient government. He did not desire a Confederacy, held together by a rope of sand, from which any one of its members might secede at will, and thus bring back the chaos which he aimed to escape, but a government, whose sovereignty should be supreme within its own sphere of action ; a government, whose unquestionable right and solemn duty it would be to defend its own sovereignty, and perpetuate its existence, at whatever cost of traitors' lives. When that Constitution was solemnly adopted, and the government established, Washington was placed in the Executive chair as the Chief Magistrate ; and not even in the darkest days of the Revolution, when ambitious generals, by mean cabals, attempted to drive him from the leadership of the armies, was his own commanding influence, the magic of his character and name, more essential to the Union, the continued existence of the Republic, than during the perils and excitements of those first Presidential terms. Washington was the first impersonation of the Union both in war and peace. May we not take his character, indeed, as a fitting symbol of the grand principles of public right and public jus-

tice, by which he designed to unite this family of States? Is not a Union having such a parentage, first represented by such pre-eminent integrity, formed to secure such great ends of justice and liberty, worthy of defence? Is not a government based on the inalienable rights of man worthy of the sternest self-devotion, of the brave arms, of all who are not traitors to the sacred claims of humanity itself; traitors to Pilgrim memories; to Revolutionary fathers; to the grand revelations of man's equality in the Gospel of Christ? I need not ask these questions. They have been already gloriously answered. Our loyal men did not answer in words when the day of peril came. They answered upon the battle field. They have answered in many a brave and bloody strife. Massachusetts, true to her early fame, gave the first answer in the streets of Baltimore. And now, out of the heart of the imperial West,—true child of this Puritan East,—the answer has come again in a battle-cry that will ring from the Ohio to the Gulf,—“Suffer death, but disgrace never.” Thank God, heroism is not dead. The martyrs for liberty live not alone in the legends and annals of the past. They are here, the grand realities of the present. We have gazed into their faces, and the light of their heroic eyes has flashed into ours. Thanks for them all, of whatever lineage and race, who join with us in speaking, and defending the great truths of liberty. German, Irish, Hungarian, Puritan, African,—all alike shall then be re-

garded as freedom's sons. We lament, with gushing tears, the too early death of those who have fallen. Yet we will strew palms and sing anthems, over the graves of heroes. We have answered whether we deem our national existence, law and liberty, worthy of defence. And I could ask nothing better for our national armies now, when the ancestral love of freedom re-inspires the hearts of the sons, than that they should go back to the heroism and devotion of their fathers,—of Washington and his brave compeers. History records no purer patriotism than theirs. Those who go to the field in true devotion to freedom to-day, can make their loyalty still more pure by looking to these great examples. I could ask nothing better, than that this second struggle for law and liberty, should be carried on with the heroic and single hearted devotion of the first. Our fathers thought not only their own freedom, but that of a subject race secure, when the Revolution was accomplished. The love of freedom of that day, like a tidal wave, swept slavery away, until it had purified the Northern States from every stain of human bondage. It baptized the great North-West in the name of liberty forever. But the invention of the Cotton-Gin, which gave such a new impetus to the culture of cotton throughout the South, practically checked the progress of emancipation. Slavery gained a new vitality till she dared to lift up sacrilegious hands against liberty herself. In this re-baptism of the nation, liberty will assert her just su-

preinacy again, by the sword, and by legislative acts, till somehow, though we cannot now see how, that wave of emancipation shall be rolled onward again, even to our extremest Southern coast. The fathers hoped and believed freedom already secure. Their sons will never rest until that hope and faith shall be perfectly fulfilled. I cannot see precisely how its downfall will come ; but of one thing I am sure, that, in its vaulting ambition, Slavery has overleaped itself. Instead of building a stable empire upon human bondage as a corner-stone, according to the boast of Mr. Stephens,—a declaration equally marked by inhumanity and blasphemy,—the corner-stone of liberty which these builders have rejected, shall fall upon them, and grind them into powder.

And I desire to look back to Revolutionary days, to Washington himself, not only to make and keep our patriotism pure, but to enforce still another lesson. It is one of the problems of the hour to solve the future of this new-made and gigantic military power. Shall we not henceforth become a military people?—is the question upon timid lips,—until, bye and bye, the heel of the soldier shall tread out the last spark of liberty, and the Republic perish under the despotism of the sword. I do not share those fears. We are not fighting for conquest, for glory, but for national existence, for freedom, for law. The hosts that have taken up the sword at the command of liberty, at her command will lay it down, when their work is done,—as Washington

himself surrendered it when its victory was complete. We shall not be false to our great example. These new-made soldiers will be changed back into citizens, as readily as the citizens were changed into soldiers. They are not mercenaries fighting for pay, for the love of carnage,—but servants of truth and freedom, fighting for the sacredness of law,—fighting for the security of rights,—fighting for order and peace. When the victory is gained, though we shall not “beat the sword into the ploughshare,” we shall hasten to “hang the trumpet in the hall,” and gladly go back to the pursuits of peace, and study war no more. Instead of fearing that we are sowing seeds of national decay in this development of military power, I believe that we are giving to the old world the last, conclusive proof of the strength of the Republic. The devotees of despotism have never been convinced of its stability by our greatness in the arts of peace. But they will find that a government in which every citizen feels that he is fighting for his own right to liberty, and political sovereignty, is the strongest in the world,—infinitely stronger than the authority that rests upon hireling armies. Such a Republic is not “a bubble,” to burst before all who were alive at its birth have gone to the grave. Thrones are the bubbles, which glitter to-day, to vanish to-morrow. These stirring days are to teach many lessons. They will work out our true independence in many ways. We shall learn to defer less to European opinions. We shall

be in little danger hereafter of sinning against the farewell counsels of Washington, by undue partiality towards foreign nations. The governments which we have loved the most, to whom we fondly turned for sympathy, have done what they could to sever these bonds of affection. Heaven grant that this wounded love may never be changed to hate. Europe will learn to respect a nation that can vindicate its existence against a concerted treason of such gigantic proportions. Even civilized England, the birth place of so many champions of liberty, so many of whose people are true to freedom, but whose government has so often taken the side of despotism, and seemed to recognize power alone as deserving of respect, even civilized England will soon discover new worth in her noblest child. The sentiment that "America's weakness is England's opportunity," will be no longer seen in the columns of leading prints, or be taken as the exposition of ministerial policy, but be branded as essentially piratical in principle, worthy only of the robbers of nations, and a disgrace to Christian States. We are vindicating our strength, not showing our weakness,—securing, not undermining our freedom now; and when these hundreds of thousands of swords are returned to their sheaths, the fact that they are there, ready to leap out again at the first assault upon our liberties, will constrain the world to leave us to pursue our heaven-ordained and peaceful path to true prosperity and glory.

Fellow Citizens, our national territory witnesses singular contrasts to-day. In this loyal North, glorious in its birth, glorious in its history, to be made still more glorious as the grand conservator, the Providential vindicator of Republican freedom and human liberty,—the people are assembling to listen to Washington himself, speaking in his immortal words of wisdom, —to renew their vows of allegiance to the government which he established, and their vows to defend it, even unto death. In the capital of Virginia, beneath the statue which has been termed the best embodiment of his countenance and form, a band of traitors meet to organize a so-called government, false to the Union which he loved, and which is hallowed by his memory, false to the principles of his life, to his name and fame. Will not those marble lips speak to rebuke such profanation? Or will they be mute as destiny itself while the avenging sword hangs by a single hair over the traitor's head? Where is the parallel to that inauguration of to-day, amidst these multiplying omens of quick defeat? Perhaps the traitor's tongue may nerve itself to the same old words of boastful confidence. But I can think of no parallel to the scene, except in supposing Belshazzar assuming his coronation robes, at the very moment when the fatal words of doom were blazing from his palace wall.

Leave the traitor to his empty pageant, and the vengeance of history. Thank God for the dawn of the day of victory. Our military leader will fast

vindicate his comprehensive plans. Soon, we believe, every hasty criticism will give place to enthusiastic admiration. The tidings of victory in these later days come on every breeze. It has begun "to thunder around the whole horizon." From either side of the rebel Confederacy,—Fort Donelson responding to Roanoke,—comes the shout of triumph. These triumphs shall still go on. Notwithstanding these "late successes of the Confederate arms,"* we must still propose "the ungenerous and unchivalric terms" of unconditional surrender all the way to the Gulf. As our Ulysses has captured this new Simon Bolivar, so must our commanders capture all the leaders who disgrace the name of patriots, or who profane the word liberty to execute the plans of treason. The children shall vindicate the sovereignty which their fathers established. The old men whom we delight to honor, whose lives date back to the birth-day of the Republic, who were born amid revolutionary times, and drew in the love of liberty at the mother's breast, like him † whose presence graces our assembly now, and whose voice we had expected to hear to sanction the services of the hour, shall not outlive their country. Wait, wait, with all your compeers in years, wait a little longer, to rejoice with us in freedom's perfect triumph. And then wait,—long may it cheer your sight,—wait to

* See the letter of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, in reply to Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, at the surrender of Fort Donelson.

† Rev. Dr. Emerson, now in his 85th year.

see your beloved country spring forward anew in the career of greatness, re-consecrated to a truer, a universal liberty, re-baptized by the sacrifice of priceless lives, till in the splendid vision of its true prosperity and glory, you may say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

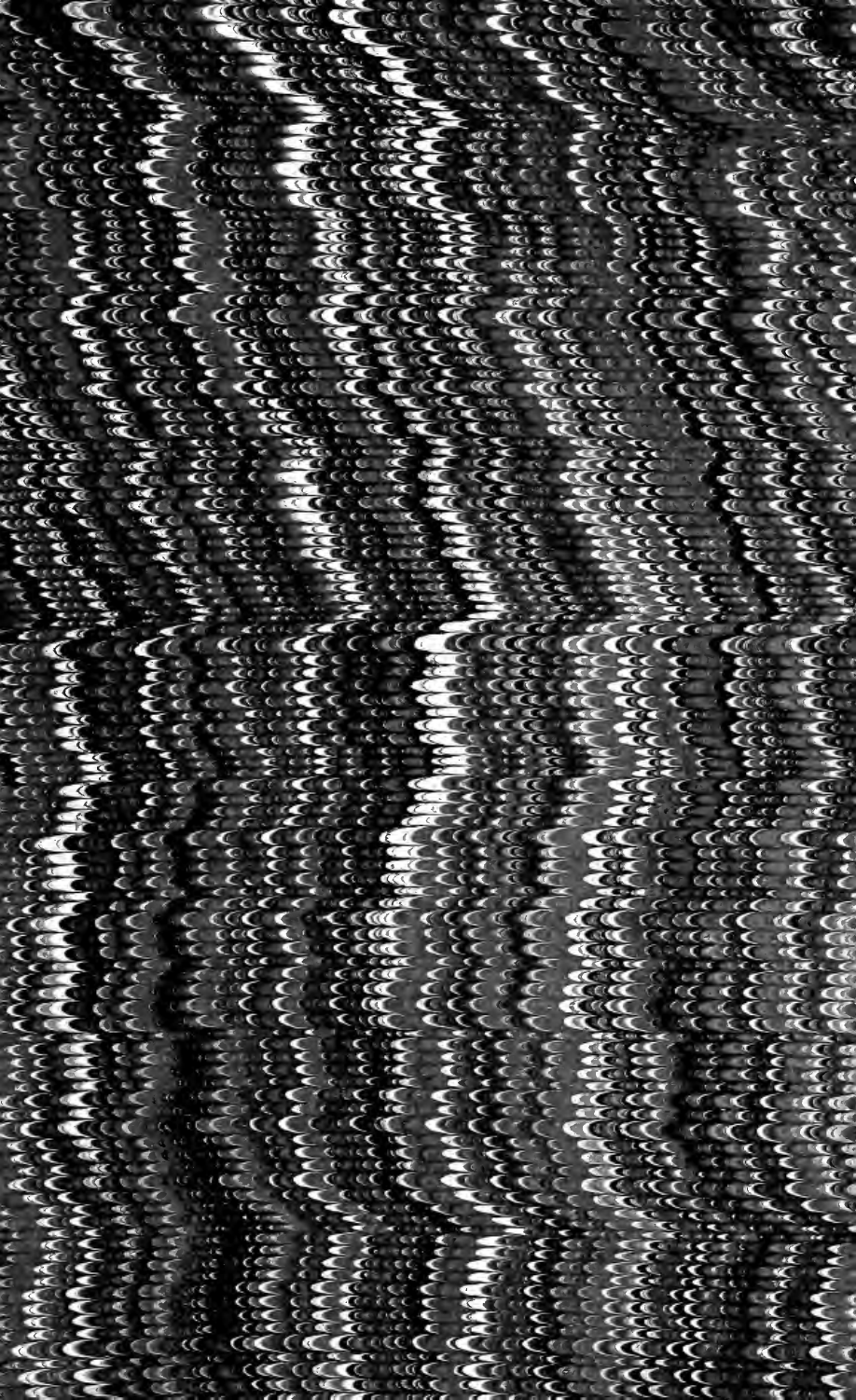
Yes, we are exultant with the hope of victory to-day. And yet, fellow citizens, I should be false to myself, false to my highest allegiance, if I did not present one additional thought. I can scarcely say that I am really more confident and hopeful now, when the winter of our impatience and discontent has suddenly burst into spring, than I have been during all those dreary, wintry hours. It has seemed to me all the while, that our cause was in the Omnipotent hand. This Continent was not reserved till later centuries to repeat the poor civilizations of the past. The Puritan was not guided across the sea to plant here his grand seed-grains of truth and liberty in vain. The sacrifices of blood in Revolutionary days were not in vain. Our whole history is a Providential history; and Washington, in giving a more perfect shape to our inborn ideas of popular freedom in our national institutions,—Washington, in his marvellous fitness for his destined work in the Camp and in the Cabinet,—was almost more than any other, "the man of Providence" in human history. When Poetry exclaimed, "Columbia, child of heaven," she was simply hymning the intuitions of

faith. This government of ours has not yet accomplished its Providential destiny. Traitorous hands shall be as vainly raised against it, as of old they were raised against the Lord. The envy of despots shall yet be shamed into reverence. In every day of peril the inspiration of patriotism will fire millions of hearts as now, to make them invincible in arms,—and the heroic leader will appear then as now, the leader who first bends his knee in prayer before he takes up his mighty work, who is great enough calmly to wait till his preparation is complete, and then bold to strike as with the swift bolts of judgment, till we can scarcely keep pace with the quick march of victory. Give honor to our heroic soldiers, for their holy fealty to right and law. Twine wreaths of unfading laurel for those who fall, and who pay the price of liberty with their priceless lives. Ring out the peals of joy at every new tale of triumph. Cheer those who contend so bravely, till your voices echo down to the most distant battle field. But amidst your exultation and your praise when you look at these human agencies, as becomes a people of holy parentage, look up with perpetual thanksgiving and adoration to your Fathers' God.

M.







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